Great Mining Excitements in Years Ending with a Nine-Sufferings and Dangers of the Hunt for Gold-Rumors That Start Stampedes-Results Generally Small-What Caused the Bush to Billings Ledge.

Los Axonzas, Cal., Oct. 1,-"The next big ng camp stampede in the United States will be due about next May," said Col. Edward A. Graves the other day. "Since the finding of gold by Marshall on the American River in California there have been great gold or sil-Thus there was the unprecedented gush of 150,000 men to California in 1849. In 1859 there was the Fraser River gold excitement that attracted 60,000 Americans. In 1869 the bonanza ledges in the Comstock lode at Virginia City, Nev., set the whole world rany. In 1879 the American miners were almost equally divided between the silver mines at Leadville and the free-milling gold mines at Tombstone, Ariz. In 1889 the newly found Harqua Hala gold mines on the Colorado River and the silver mines at Chihuahua, Mexico, stirred thousands of old-time prospectors and miners as nothing else had done in several have a firm faith that there is bound to be a great rush to new diggings every year that has a '9' at the end of its date. In my travels camps lately I have been asked dozens of times where I believed the prospectors would strike it so as to have the expected mining stampede next year. I confess myself to the belief that we shall hear of a great gold strike somewhere in the West in 1899." So long as men seek riches in mining pre-

clous metals there will be periodical rushes to newly found diggings. Every one in the West who has followed gold or silver mining munity out here has some grizzled old men who have been in dozens of stampedes all the way from Mexico to Alaska and from the Continental Divide to the Pacific. If the news should some to-morrow that Jack So-and-so had found in a previously undiscovered distriet ore that ran from \$150 to \$200 to the ton every one of the old prospectors and miners be moved to rush to the diggings without delay and stake out a claim.

The most senseless stampeds that old miners recall was the one to a camp known as the Rocky Belle. It was sixty miles northwest from Prescott. The time was December, 1876. No less a person than John W. Mackay, the bonansa mining king of the Comstock lode. was deceived by the news from the Rocky Belle and spent several thousand dollars in sending expert miners post haste across the mountains and valleys to see what the chances for new mines were. The supposed diggings an altitude of about 7,000 feet and among the bleak and barren mountains of morthern Arisons. The report of the extraordinary gold finds made by Henry Binford seemed incredible to experienced gold seekers, but when samples of the ore were seen by miners in Tucson, Albuquerque and Los Angeles they proved sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical. A week more and 2,000 miners from every part of Arizona and southern California were moving day and night, scarcely stopping for food and sleep, toward the Rocky Belle camp. Hundreds of men travelled 700 and 800 miles on foot and with mules and donkeys to the new diggings and nearly all travelled across desert and mountain for a distance of 250 or 300 miles. As the multitude ourneyed on the report of the richness of Henry Binford's find grew until it seemed as if wagonloads of rich gold ore awaited the travellers. Merchants and professional men in Maricopah and Tueson and that part of southern Arizona became imbued with the spirit of the miners, and turning their business sover to others, joined in the movement on Rocky Belle. The hardships that the fortune seekers suffered in the mountains will never be fully known. A large number of men com-ing out of the warm, balmy air of the semi-tropics lost their lives amid the snowbanks and

tropics lost their lives amid the snowbanks and fee and many a man was made an invalid for life because of exposure to the biting cold during the stampede. A severe blizzard raged in the mountains for several days while the miners were slowly trudging through them. In one party of 100 men from New Mexico four men were frozen to death one morning and it is shought that fully twenty more died in the same way in the mountains at that time.

When at last the Rocky Belle diggings were reached it was soon seen that there was no ore in the district worth digging except in the claims held by Henry Binford and his triends, and that the report of their find had been exaggerated beyond all reason. Binford's own elaims held by Henry Binford and his friends, and that the report of their find had been exaggrated beyond all reason. Binford's own miles petered out a year or two later, and he got only a few thousand dollars from it. The specimens of ore shown in Tucson and Los Angeles were the choicest from the mine, and not hit-or-miss plok-ups, as had been said. Along in the summer of 1878 a miner named Stevens wrote to a friend in Phœnix that he had found a claim that beat anything in mining this side of the Comstock lode in Nevada, and that with a common fron mortar and pestie he had pounded out from \$70 to \$100 worth of gold dust a day. The claim was located 120 miles northwest from Kingman, near the since famous Harqua Hala mining region, and there was a chance, so Stevens wrote, for other men to strike it rich up there. Of course, such news could not be kept quiet. It travelled with miraculous speed through every camp in the Sait River Valley and over to Prescott. In less than two weeks all that part of Arizona was deeply stirred by the reports, which no one seemed to have time to investigate, of the richness of the mines that Stevens had found. A thousand or more miners caught the fever so badly that they started on foot acroes the country for Stevens's camp without delay. It was a hot, dry summer, and the journey entailed torturing thirst and endurance of a temperature usually about 110° in the shade. A dozen men died from fever under that awful sky, and as many more painers never recovered from disorders caused by the privations of that stampede across the desert of Arizona. Having arrived at the Etevens camp, the excited men realized that there were claims worth working for about 100 men. Several hundred claims were staked out in less than a day; but in a fortnight the camp population fell from 1,200 to less than 400. In about a month more 100 persons were left to do all the mining. The camp was abandoned entirely ten years ago.

camp population fell from 1,200 to less than 400. In about a month more 100 persons were left to do all the mining. The camp was bandoned entirely ten years ago.

The Tombstone stampede came in 1879 and 1880. Miners in every part of the Pacific coast caught the fever, and as week after week samples of the Tombstone rock were circulated, thousands started for Tombstone. Hundreds of young men in the older States were wild with zeal to hasten to the new El Dorado, and started across the continent with little or no preparation. In less than four months after Gird and Hawkins began getting several thousand dollars a day from their mines there were 6,000 persons in the camp, and several months later Tombstone had a population of 10,000 men and 200 women. For seven months the daily output of precious metal averaged about \$50,000. A dozen men went there nearly penniless and came away worth half a million of dollars in less than a year, and six or seven men struck it rich and sold out for a million dollars seach. Fully half the population walked hundreds of miles to get there.

No rallroad ran through southern Arizona in those days, and the awful Colorado and Mojave deserts had to be crossed in waxons or on foot by the fortune seekers from California. Desert sandstorms were encountered, and for days travellers to Tombstone endured a temperature above 130° in the shade. Many a man died on the hot, sandy plains. Miners on their way to the camp from the East and South toiled across the Arizona aliasii plains, through immense cactus areas, and risked their lives in the then heatile land of the Apache Indians. But hardship, pain, suffering and risk of life were all secondary to an early arrival in Tombstone and the location of a mining claim. When Tombstone was resched there were new privations and more physical distress for the greater number, especially for those who had come from offices, stores, shops and the pastor's study.

One-third of the men in camp had very little money, or none at all, and knew no way of earning a

sons, as far east at Prescott and Fromiz, were stirred as they had not been for several years by the news that rish places mines had seventy miles south of an Disco. Samples of the par dirt were sent to Ban Disco to the part of the year of the part of the pa

that he had a paret meant anything else than that he had a paredise in gold mining.

Some ten years later came the reports of rich gold mines in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains, and the name of Pritchard, the discoverer, became known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A great stampede set in and many hardships were endured. Every one wanted to be first on the ground, and the result was that the country was soon overrun, notwithstanding that the snow was still deep and it was exceedingly difficult to reach Pritchard Creek. From Thompson Falls to the diggings was forty miles over a rough and heavily timbered mountain country. The snow was too deep for animals to be taken in at that time, so the forty miles were made on snowshoes. for animals to be taken in at that time, so the forty miles were made on snowshoes. And many men made the trip who knew less about snowshoes than they did about trigo-nometry. All provisions were taken in on toboggans, hauled by hand, at the rate of 25

CUTTER TO THE UNDERTAKER.

Runaway Sculptor's Role in a Western Town -Suggested by a Woman's Mistake.

"I had a funny incident in a Lexington avenue car the other day," said one man to another. "I was going home, and I was reading. became conscious, without seeing the act, that she was looking at me rather more steadfastly than a woman usually looks at a man. I must have had that consciousness a half hour when she spoke. 'You will pardon me if I am mistaken, she

said. 'Are you not Mr.—?'
"I was not Mr.—, and I so informed the

inquirer. She was either dissatisfied with my answer or very uncomfortable over her mistake, for a woman doesn't often blunder in that way. She looked at me straighter than before, after which she made this break: 'You look so much like Mr. ---, the undertaker, who had charge of the funeral of my

dead friend Mrs. -.. I thought you were he? "I said it was a funny incident. And so it was at the time, but the thought that I look as it recurs. Of course the notion may not be well founded. I never met an undertaker in my life to my knowledge. But you know how prone you are to associate a man's face with his business. I don't like to think, nevertheless, that I am liable to be taken for an undertaker, least of all by a woman."

The man who had listened replied: "I don't know. It's a good business at times. I was in it once. Don't be scared. It was many years ago. You know it was intended that I should be a sculptor. My dear mother's fancy. Well, after I got so I could chisel a bit I ran away from home. Went out West to be a cowboy. Same old story, sickness and not a cent.

Well, after I got so I could chisel a bit I ran away from home. Went out West to be a cowboy. Same old atory, sickness and not a cent. There was no opening in my line in that country. The nearest approach was the tombstone business, and there was not much of that. But I found one man who was undertaker and tombstone cutter and I offered my service in the latter line. He confessed to me that he could 'lay'em out and plant 'em,' as he put it, but he couldn't cover 'em.' So I fitted in. and got a job at once.

"One day while I was carving a cherub the boss came in with a woman who was hung all

and wants to be you with an appropriate quotation.

"With that the boss left us. I inquired of the widow what line of the stage business her husband had been in, with a view of making the quotation appropriate. She lifted her vell and looked at me in a way I shall never forget, and she said:

"I reckon the undertaker don't quite understand. Jim was on the stage when he died, But it was because they was two to one agin'him, for Jim was a dead shot. Nothin' ever got away from him before.

"I said. 'I es, ma'am.' because it was the only thing to say.

"You understan', I reckon?' she continued, interopatively.

"You understan', I reckon? she continued, interrogatively.
"I said I did, and then I asked her if she had thought of anything appropriate to be carved, for bleat if I wasn't up a stump.
"Then she took from a fat purse a bit of paper which she opened up and handed over to me with the remark that it was something she had came across in a California magazine, and it had struck her as bein' fittin' to be on Jim's monument." "I read, in good enlrography, this quotation:

"I read, in good chirography, this quotation:

"Earth counts a mortal less.
Heaven an angel more."

"Well. I cut the words on the monument, and I went with the workmen to have the atone set up. And it was standing in the cemetery of a Kanasas town ten years ago when I was out there, just where we put it twenty years ago and more. But since it was put up somebody had a crown and a pistol carved under the questation which I had cut at the widow's request. The sexton was a new man when I was there on a visit, and he could not tell me when the embleme of Jim's death and future state were carved, or by whom. I returned to my home in the East after I had carved out a few more monuments in the West, but I left my chisel and i serie beginn. Here's wisse I get off."

A Civilian Person, Who Could III Spare the

Time, Plays Good Samaritan at Mantia. MANILA, Aug. 25.-He was the only man or the upper deck who did not have a comm He was just a plain private, and really had no right to be in the place where the officers go The attendants from the hospital had put him aboard just as the tender was about to start or her morning trip from Cavité to Manila. When he was with his mates at Palo Alto and repre ented Stanford in athletics he weighed almos 160, but seven weeks in the hospital had changed all that. His eyes were deep black pockets in the tightly drawn faded parchment skin that held together his brain rack. His legs and arms were like the slender bamboo stems among which his comrades had been fighting south of Manila. He lay flat on his back wrapped up in the folds of the brown canvas uniform that fitted him once. His ridiculous shoes stuck straight up, except that now and then they washled a bit on the feet that no longer fitted them. Under his head was a pair of mouldy boots wrapped in his extra shirt. He wasn't very comfortable, but he was going back to his regiment to the boys once more one to talk to him, and, if his imagination could force itself far enough, something like the breath of home. It was the "civilian person" who "rated" a place with the officers that broke the dee with the cheerfully feeble question:

Been sick ?** Somewhere down in the black caverns the eyes responded with the suggestion of

twinkle. Then the voice struggled into audi-" No." it said : " been fishing." "Oh," said the civillan person. "Thought you'd been in hospital."

I'm going back to my regiment."

He tried to smile, but when the thin lips drev ack he seemed to be afraid his jaws would fall apart, and gave it up. Seven weeks," the voice said again, " and I haven't even fired a shot. Haven't done a bit

Seven weeks," answered the voice; "but

inaniard, not even a Guam prisoner." The thin lips parted again and there was th old suggestion of a twinkle in the deep eyes The civilian person sat down beside him, Turk ashion, on the deck. "Pretty comfortable? he asked. Somehow he wanted to talk, but h didn't know just what to say. The soldier

actually grinned. "Pretty fresh when I started," he said. The roice was almost a whisper. The tug had struck the long roll kicked up by the breeze This thing bothers a bit." he went on, "but I'll get along. I'm going back to the boys, you

The Rapido got out into the bay among all the ships. The sick man rolled his head and saw the new transports and the men-o'-war. "I never saw these boats before," he whis

"Would you like to sit up on the bench?" asked the civilian person. "Can't make it," whispered the soldier.

pered.

The civilian person thrust one burly arm inder his shoulders and the other under his knees, straightened up with him, easily as if he were a child, and sat down with him at the rail where he could see all the bay, and the shipping and the green fringe and white walls and red roofs of Manila and the big bright Stars and Stripes floating over the Lunetta.
"Not so heavy as I was," whispered the soldier. "Guess I don't weigh more'n ninet;

"Not so heavy as I was," whispered the soldler, "Guess I don't weigh more'n ninety pounds."

He looked at all the ships, and the civilian person told him their names, and when they came, and what troops they brought; then about the capture of the city and the work the soldler's comrades had done. His company was the first to reach the Lunetta, and one of his mates was shot down there.

"Say," whispered the sick man, "it's great to have you talk to me this way. It's all right in the hospital, but the doctors are busy, and they get sort of used to seeing you'round, and they get sort of used to seeing you'round, and they get sort of used to seeing you'round, and they get sort of used to seeing you'round, and they get sort of used to me, but I guess they were busy.

"Sometimes they died there in the hospital. One night one died right near me. He was pretty sick, you know, and he didn't get any. I don't prny much; never prayed in my life till that night, I guess it was midnight, anyway; they were all asleen. I got out of my cot and crawled down on my hands and knees, I couldn't walk much, to his cot and just prayed. And he prayed, too. Then he died and I crawled back to my cot, and by and by they found him."

The Rapido turned into the Pasig and made for her landing.

"How are you going to get out to your com-

The Rapido turned into the Pasig and made for her landing.

"How are you going to get out to your company?" asked the civilian person.

"Oh. I guess Fill make it somehow. I ain't so fresh as I was, but I'll make it by and by. How far is it?"

"Two miles."

"Two miles."
The sick man dropped his head on the rail. "Guess I'll have to go back," he said, at last. "If you'll help me down I'll just lie here on the deck till she goes back, and it'll be all right."
The civillan person had work to do that required his attention without delay. He helped the sick man back to his oid position, with the shoes for a pillow, and then told a lie.

"I haven't anything to do," he said: "if you think you can stand it I'll take you out there. I want to see some of the boys, anyway."
The pipe-stem fingers twitched and a feeble hand reached out to meet the grasp of the civilian person. There was a light in the deep eyes that was not a twinkle. The Hapido tied up at her landing.

"I never was in Manila before," said the soldler with the laugh in his eyes again. "It's a long way from Market street."
The soldier lay on the deck, and the civilian person went out to find a carriage. The stone city lay under the unclouded tropic sur and sent back its heat in suffocating waves. No man walked who could ride, and a long string of negatives answered the queries of the civilian person. But at last, far from the landing place, he found a man who did not answer occupied" to his demand. More than an hour had gone before he reached the Rapido again. The sick soldier lay on the deck in the sweltering heat and gasped for his feeble breath. The civilian person picked him up and carried him down to the rickety, jolting cart. The driver jumped down from his place and helped. "Mucho Maio, Scior," he said.

They started away. "I got my pay yesterday." whispered the soldier. "I wish I could get some commissary things." It was a long way to the soldier's empany and the civilian person had work to do. A Filipino pony makes alow time at best, but this one must walk those long two miles. The civilian person thought of these things, and lied again.

"Let's go by the commissary's," he said.

"Ye got lots of time."

It was almost noon when they reached the Sales from B to I2" sign, and the civilian person bought wa "Two miles."
The sick man dropped his head on the rall.
"Guess I'll have to go back," he said, at last.

Manila.

"Wait." said the sick man, "I want some of that."

The civilian person put his arm further around the soldier's shoulder to give him an easier rest and said: "No, you can't have that. But come up to the drug store out here and I'll get you a bottle of soda."

The drug store was half a mile out of the way, and the street was crowded with carriages and porters bearing great bundles on their heads or on their backs.

"Ah," said the soldier, when at last he had drained the giass, "that's the best drink I've had out of America."

They made it at last, every foot at a walk and every stone jolting the sick man further from his grip on himself, It was a man of his own company on guard at the regimental gate. He saw his sick comrade and violated the articles of war.

"Hullo!" he said as he left his postand came.

saw his sick comrade and violated the articles of war.

"Hullo!" he said, as he left his post and came forward to greet his friend, "have they let you off? I'm mighty glad, I needed rollet. Here, take my gun. I'll give you the orders."

The sick man dropped his head on his hands, and his heaving shoulders wrinkled the brown canvas coat. He had got back to his friends. The civilian person dropped out of the carriage and started away. An officer standing by the gate said to another: gate said to another:
Who is that big fellow walking so fast over
there?
"That fellow," said the other in surprise.
"don't you know him? That's Egan of the
San Francisco Chronicle."

Aluminum Leaf.

Aluminum leaf has been used for years for many of the purposes to which gold leaf and silver leaf are put. It is used for printing hat tips, shoe tags, umbrella tips, lead pencils, for lettering on machines, for various decorative purposes, for signs, including lettering on cars, and so op. It does not tarnish, and its cost is from half to three-quarters that of silver lest, which costs about one-seventh as much as gold leaf. Aluminum bronze is now largely used on steam radiators.

TOOK SICK SOLDERS TO PRIENDS. | OUR NEW CITY IN THE EAST

MANILA OPENING UP ONCE MORE

AFTER THE WAR. Spanlard Comes Out of Hiding and Queer Crowds Fill the Streets-Useless Destruction Wrought by the City's Defenders-Growing Life and Gayety. MANUAL Aug. 28-In the country towns of the United States, where the opera house is upstairs over the leading store and the stage is a lot of planks laid over up-ended barrels, the drop curtain shows a wonderful city of tall buildings and flaring signs, with windows tight shut and not a soul in the streets. That was Manila the day after the Stars and Stripes were raised, except that in Manila it rained, and the day was a dismal gray that fitted th mood of the people, and that here and there a bedraggled soldier in muddy brown canvas

and striped poneho tramped miserably up and down the streets, doing his best to keep the

lock of his rusty rifle out of the wet.

It was a disappointing picture to those of us who had been looking at is across seven miles of water for two months and a half. From Cavité the green fringe that lined the bay was broken by picturesque domes and towers, white walls and red-tiled roofs. At night along the waterfront there twinkled a double row of electric lights, that winked to one another as if chuckling over the pleasant sights they saw that were hidden from the envious Americans over there across the bay. The sun came up in the morning behind the city and lighted up the red and yellow stripes o the Spanish flags, then hid behind the clouds and brought the misty mirage that made the city stand out before the watchers as il suddenly raised in air. We knew every inden tation of the shore line, and we picked out the streets and the angles of the wall. At evening, when the sun had crossed the bay and was rolling down Marivells mountains in a ball of flaming cloud, we marked the last faint day light glow among the palaces and cathedrals and saw the first gleam of the Lunetta light and told ourselves that he and he we should he under that radiance and exchange our hard ships and troubles for the joys and comforts o the splendid city.

We had lost sight of two material factors, the nature of the Spaniard and the blockade Whatever he was once the Spaniard no longer cares. The name of the race is Ichabod-its glory has departed. He builds great palace and makes fine houses, he adorns them with works of art, and he lets them alone. From being once beautiful they become picturesque for the same reason that the moss-grown ruin of a stone wall is picturesque. There is much of that in Manila-the wall is all moss grown, the most is filled up with rub-bish and weeds, through which a slimy stream wriggles its tortuous way, and almost every block shows its ruin from or fire. The blockade added earthquake another and perhaps natural phase to the picture. It spread the earthquake and fire ruin all over the city, through the beautiful suburbs and along the waterfront. Yet most of this work simply exhibited anew the theatrical side of the Spaniard. He had no notio of making a serious defence, yet he wrought desolation in the city as if he meant to leave it

only for his shallow soldier's grave.
All along the Lunetta the grand trees that All along the Lunetta the grand trees that furnished grateful shade from the blistering afternoon sun were despoiled of their noble branches. The beautiful botanical garden was wrecked completely, its trees hacked down or denuded of limbs and sometimes even of bark, the shrubs and bushes pulled up by the roots or cut down close to the ground. The playacting Spaniard was providing for himself a clean sweep from the walls across which he had not the slightest intention of firing a bullet. He moved his family from his palace in the sub-urbs into a back room in the walled city and left his goods in the lower rooms of his palace looking as if they had been attreed up like soup with a giant ladie. He shut up his shop in the city and put a dozen padiocks on the doors and the iron bars across the shuttered windows. It was a boarded-up, tight-shut, desolate city that surrendered to the Americans on Aug. 13. The Spaniard had crawled into his hole like a mole and filled up the entrance behind him.

Gradually he has been coming out of his hiding. For two days the shutters were up on althe shops and the doors were fastened and barred. Only the venturesome and peaceful Chinese dared to try to gather in a few stray coppers from the occasional American passerby. The Tagals, venders of fruit and native Chinese dared to try to gather in a few stray coppers from the occasional American passerby. The Tagais, venders of fruit and native brandy, peddled their wares undisturbed. The Englishmen who had shut everything up and gone to Cavité for the "bombardment" came back to their offices, but there was no business. The banks—the Chartered and the Hong Kong—opened for a couple of hours in the morning, and carriages and carts that had not been selzed for military use began to appear on the streets.

on the streets.

Then Gen, Merritt had use for the newspapers, and the publishers were persuaded to resume operations. They were vastly surprised at finding that there was to be re censorship. Gen. Merritt told them that as long as they was they said, and as to their truth ne would judge when they were issued. There came a day that was neither feast day nor rainy, and the city opened out like a new ross in the morning sun. The proclamation had been issued guaranteeing the rights of private property. The beer gardens resumed business, the shutters came down all along the Escotta, the streets filled up with all varieties of conveyances, carriages, milords, rockaways, quileyee, carromats, calosines, broughams, carte and traps of all the kinds that English fancy makes; non-sauntiffered in required, and some without; naval officers, sailors of the German, French and Japanese ships; soldiers on guard; guard reliefs marching in compact bodies, belts full of cartridges and guns at right shoulder; bullock carts loaded down with army supplies, swarms of Chinese porters carrying enormous loads suspended from heavy bars balanced across their shoulders, Fliipino men lugging bundles of green grass, the only sort of hay used here; men with crates of chickens on their heads, women with shallow baskets of fruit, bannans, green oranges, strange foul-smelling fruits that look like apples and peaches and are good to eat if you have such a cold that you can't distinguish unpleasant odors, soldiers and are good to eat if you have such a cold that you can't distinguish unpleasant odors, soldiers and differs riding ponies, Spanish officers wearing their swords, men of the old civil guard in their blue and red uniforms, artillerymen, infantrymen, cavairrmen and sailors, blind begars led by little boys, women with arms full of bables begging, all in a jumble in the narrow, rough-paved street between the low stone buildings and the narrow-gauge, one-horse street cars strugding along through the through the streets. In the city they bace up and down. In the suburbs, where their posts for the most part are in front of the better houses, they have found chairs somewhere and sit at the gates. All day the throng moves up and down, in the suburbs, where their shoulders, and t

> Bitten by a Severed Head. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Hansipune, Oct. 4—John Booker, Jr. of Clark's Valley, was bitten by a copperhead anake. He and his father were cutting corn, when the boy called his father were cutting corn, when the boy called his father's attention to a large snake lying close by. Booker at once cut its head off, and upon looking around discovered another snake. He also cut its head off, and in tre excitement stepped on the severed head and was badly hitten by it.

THE BRAR OF PIKE'S PHAR. He Serves a Useful Purpose in Increasing

The party decided to climb to Pike's Peak They wanted the glory of saying they had made the climb. Besides, the tickets for the

"There are bears on that mountain," said the landlord; "you'd better go up on the car." But no,"they were determined to walk, bears or no bears. Grasping their alpenstocks they went past the iron springs up the cog road, walking easily and lightly along the ties. At first the incline was gentle enough. The view of the mountain was beautiful, Gog and Magog rising majestically, flanked by tall, straight pines and shutting out the view of the peak. The Buxton stream brawled over the boulders so notsily that they were obliged to shout to make themselves heard. By the side of this stream mountain flowers of the deepest purple, large and odorless, bloomed luxuriant They met a mountaineer coming down He walked in a peculiarly wabbling way, due to the constant bending of the knee in the long descent.

"Are there any bears on the peak?" the shouted. He put his hand behind his ear. "Eh?" he said. The noise of the stream was deafening. Bears! Are there any bears or "Bears!

the peak?" they repeated.
"I've been up there all night," said he. saw the lights of Denver, 150 miles away, and the moon hung down so close you could have thrown a rope over it, but I did see nary bear. The party continued their climb reassured In one or two places the ascent was almost perpendicular. They climbed the ties of the cog road as if they were rungs of a steplad-der. About a third of the way to the peak is a house which is called the Half Way House. It is a primitive dwelling made of logs, with a dirt floor, upon which are spread the skins of bears. Facing the door is a fireplace large enough to accommodate a small family. Here back logs on big andirons crackle summer and winter, for it is always cold so high on the mountain. The bulk of the party camped before this fire, refusing to go further. They had lost their ambition; they no longer cared to pose before an admiring world as mountain climbers; besides, they were dead tired. The rest pleaded with them, but to no avail. They declared their intention of remaining before that fire until they were rested. Then they were going down the mountain to Manitou.

An old man appeared at the door. He offered to act as guide to those who wished continue the ascent. A tall girl with her sweetheart, a young married couple and a boy of 14 rose, leaving the rest planted about the fireplace. They stepped off the ties as one of the cars passed, the curious engine in front, the faces of the passengers pearing in a frightened way through the panes. When it was gone they walked once more on the ties.

At such an elevation it is almost impossible to calculate distances. Above the Half Way House is a long stretch of level country, and at what seemed midway between the party and the foot of the incline, which marks the beginning of the timber line, is a little hut.

"That is the real Half Way House," said the guide.

Although it appeared to be half a mile away, they were three hours in reaching it. They sat in front of the house and rested while the old man went inside. Afterward they remembered that there was a clanking of chains and a snarl within, but at the time they were too tired to investigate the cause. of 14 rose, leaving the rest planted about the

in front of the house and rested while the old man went inside. Afterward they remembered that there was a clanking of chains and a snari within, but at the time they were too tired to investigate the cause.

When the old man came out of the house they got up and walked on. The girl leaned heavily upon the arm of her sweetheart. She was almost exhausted. They rested more frequently now, stopping every little while to drink out of their hands at the little stream which, brawling so noisily below, now merely trickled. The air was light and heady like wine. It took away their breath, it seemed also that it had bleached the vegetation. The pines, so darkly green at the foot of the mountain, were here faded to the palest green, so pale that it bordered upon blue. The rich purple of the flowers had been bleached to lavender. They were exquisitely delicate. On one side of a boulder they clung in big odorless clusters; on the other side there was snow. The party pantingly reached the top of a hill called Son of a Gun Hill on account of its excessive steepness. They stopped and looked admiringly about them. They were above the clouds. All about them stood tall trees, white and spare, like the ghosts of trees. They marked the beginning of the timber line.

"Years ago a forest fire burned off all their foliage," explained the old man, "and they were so near the timber line that it never grew on again. They don't seem to be dead, though." He was interrupted by a scream from the girl, and, looking in the direction of her trembling forefinger, they saw coming toward them a bear. He was moving slowly. He was a long way off. but the two women clung frantically to their secorts.

"You can't tell anything about distances here on the mountain," said one of the men. "That's just it." cried the girl, "and he might be within three feet of us. That's the worst of it. You can't tell."

The bear ambled on, and the party, breaking into a mad run, started up the mountain, stumbling, failing, picking themselves up, and starting on again,

"Not right here, where it is so steep," an-wered the engineer. "We can't stop until we get to the top of the hill."

The party scrambled up to the top of the hill and boarded the car, that is, all but the old

get to the top of the hill."

The party scrambled up to the top of the hill and boarded the car, that is, all but the old man.

"Aren't you going to get in?" asked the girl.

"Aren't you afraid the bear will get you."

"I guess he won't hurt me," answered the old man grimly, and taking a seat on a boulder he looked back at the bear. As the car went slowly on the passengers also looked back at the bear, and no wonder. He was acting in the most idiotic way possible, rolling over and over on the ties as if in convulsions of laughter. Presently he rolled down the mountain a little way, caught at one of the bare white trees, steadied himself, and waving his paw at the retreating car turned and ambied back in the direction of the hut.

"Did you see that?" asked the girl, turning inquiringly to a man in the corner who had also been watching the antics of the bear.

"Yes," said the man. "I know all about that bear. He is tame. They bought him from a circus manager." Then he explained.

"You see the cog road hasn't been paying expenses lately, so many people have taken to climbing to the peak, and something had to be done. When they first began to run the cars there were real bears that frightened the climbers; but they disappeared, were killed or just naturally took themselves off to some other mountain where there were no cog roads or people and they could have things all their own way. So they bought this bear and the old man. He offers himself as guide, walks with them to the hut, unchains the bear—he keeps him inside the hut—and the animal does the reas. He follows the party and scares them into taking the car there of the way up the peak. That's where the company gets in its work. The conductor charges them the same fare that he would have charged if they had started at the foot of the mountain. Not only that, but, afraid to make the descent on foot with bears prowling promiscuously about, they usually buy a return ticket to Manitou. No wonder the bear laughed. It's great tun for him and the company."

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Client Gives a Horse for a Fee and Steals It.

Prom the M. Louis Globe-Democrat,

PLATTRBUBO. Mo., Oct. 1.—There is a good story out on the Hon. John E. Frost, a prominent Republican politician of this section and Chairman of the Clinton County Committee.

Mr. Frost is a lawyer of recognized ability, but he recently was the victim of a very clever horse thief, and he is now wondering how it all came about. Some weeks since a man was arrested in St. Joseph for stealing a harness from a Plattaburg clitzen and brought here for trial, the harness being recovered and restored to its owner. When arrested the culprit had in his possession a very good-looking horse, and Attorney Frost, happening along, saw and fancied it. Forthwith a bargain was struck. Mr. Frost went into court and pleaded eloquently for his client, setting him off with only twenty days in jail for his offence. Meanwhile Mr. Frost and his client have both been jubilant, the attorney in the idea of possession of the horse given him by the prisoner as the fee in the case, and the prisoner in receiving such light punishment. All went amouthly, and the contentment of both parties was apparent until a day or two since, when life. Frost, on looking for his horse, found none. He came to town from his suburban home, made a few cautious inquiries, and then lot the matter drop. It has now developed that Mr. Frost's client was released the lawyer was abrewd enough to suspect his tog-mer dient of the thest.

PARKE TOP HIGH-WATER MARK

Furniture Used to Gauge the Douth Water in a Tide-Invaded House. "You folks up here, with your squares of giant-ribbed buildings to duil the wind and naturally fortified coasts that take the main brunt of havoe, get very little idea of an equinoctial gale as the term is construed down South," said a woman at breakfast the other morning in allusion to the morning papers' reports of the storm's work on the Georgia coast.

'The damage to the rice crops is heavy,' "she

read. "I know just what that means, and there

are only a few people saved of the entire little colony living on an island. I have a vivid idea

ago I, in company with the other board ers at a seaside hotel, stood on the plazza just after daybreak of a morning ollowing a fearful night and saw there house in turn break loose from the last props and lashings that held them and float out to sea, falling to pieces when they got fairly in the breakers like so many flimsy glued boxes They were not mere shantles or indifferently built houses, either. They had stout timbers. were two stories, with many rooms and long planeas and each one anchored-it was sup posed firmly-to the piles deep driven, as is the sustom with wooden coast houses. They had been owned and lived in by the same families summer after summer for years. They were ust so many chips, mere nothings in the clutch of the storm. No. There was nobody in them The tenants had realized their danger and got out hours before, and had saved some of heir things, but the eight of those houses floating off and going to pieces with the wind blowing—I forget how many miles an hour—and the lightship's distress guns booming out every so many seconds made an impression likely to be remembered. That storm, however, was not a record breaker. They have had worse ones off the Carolina and Georgia coast before and since; but the whole experience was new to me, and I'm afraid I qualled a good deal. The native people, those accustomed to summering there, did not seem to mind so much; but our black nurse was ashen with fear and so upset that we couldn't let her hold the baby at all. Neither could we lay him down, because we were on the lookout to leave the house at any minute.

"All during the night the men made trips a quarter of an hour apart to the ground floor to see how high the water had risen. We had all taken refuge in the second story and left the things below to shift for themselves. We could hear them bumping about ominously down there; a report soon came that the water was as high as the second rung of the diling room chairs. Before long it was up to the top of the table.

"By degrees the depth of water, measured in wind blowing-I forget how many miles an

there; a report soon came that the water was as high as the second rung of the dining room chairs. Before long it was up to the top of the table.

"By degrees the depth of water, measured in all calmness and equability by old hands and steady heads at the business, got more and more alarming, even to those of a dispassionate turn of thinking, and then came the verdict that, if in the next quarter of an hour it rose an inch higher, we must all leave the house. It seems that, to those versed in the behavior of the tide and the ways of storms such as we were going through, the crisis was at hand; the oritical moment, when either the water would go on rising and maybe topple over (I mean undermine) the house, or else begin to go down, or, at any rate, leave off coming up. It is needless to say that that quarter of an hour was passed by me, at least, on tenter hooks and with bated breath, and by Mary, the black nurse, who had abdicated her office, with stiffened muscles and an attitude of prayer. Capt. W., my husband, being a man, was, of course, obliged to be outwardly brave along with all the other men, but I knew he was trembling inwardly, being no more accustomed to such nerve-straining exigencies than I was. We had both been raised in a good old Connecticut town where the weather never cuts such anpointment to supervise Government work on the Southern coast, he gladly accepted the post, and I went down to keep him company.

"Where were we to go if we had to leave the home? Oh, to the fort. There's a rugged old revolutionary fort on the sland, resorted to habitually as a place of refuge in storm time. We didn't have to go to it. At the end of the eventful quarter of an hour, waited for, watch in hand, by the committee on danger, the descent below stairs was made, and word shouted up that, although the water hadn't gone down any, it hadn't risen. The tide would soon be on the turn and we were safe."

CYBANO DE BERGERAC

The Balcony Scene Wherein Cyrano Pours TRAVELATED BY CHARLES RENAULD.

Act III .- Scene VI.

CTRANO. As now.-Let us enjoy the bliss there is In seeking to distinguish one the other. For you, I'm but the darkness of a cloak; For me, you are the whiteness of a robe. I'm shadow only, you are blessed light!

My heart, through diffidence, forever calls Upon my mind to shield it from disdain! I start to cull a star, and then I halt, For fear of ridicule, to pick a floret.

BOXANU. A floret has its charms.

BOXANE.

You never spoke to me as now you speak! CTRAFO. Oh! let us set saide the pigmy things, Why sip by drops the water of a spring

But mind and wit?

They've served to make you stay. But now 'twould be an insult to the night, To fragrance, and to fate, and nature too, If we should hold unto affected style. One look above, and artifice disarms! I fear that, with this subtle alchemy, The truth of sentiment might vaporise. The soul exhaust itself in futile play, And piceties be carried to a point

But mind and wit?

CYBANO. I hate them now. It is A crime to force sweet love to bandy words There comes a time, moreover, be assured-When our breast o'erflows with noble love.

What words shall I expect from you? CYTLANO.

All those I know; accept them scattered loose, Unsought, unbound. Hove you—let me breather Hove thee and I rave. 'Tis joy too much! Thy name is in my heart as in a bell. Rozane, and, as my heart forever throbs. The bell is e'er the sounder of thy name. Of thee there's naught I do not hoard and love: I mind me that, last year, the twelfth of May, twist was changed in what's a crown, thy hair! Thy glowing hair to me is truly light hen we have gazed too long upon the sun, We see on things around a halo reign: My dazzled eyes are filled with golden sparks!

BOXANE.

Yes, this is love-CYBANO. The passion in my heart

it's really love-love shorn of selfish thought, Would I could give my happiness for thins— E'en shouldst thou ne'er suspect whose gift it was If I could hear, perchance and from afar, Fresh valour, too. Oh! say I'm understood, End that thou feelst my soul ascend to thee All is to-night too beautiful and sweet! And still it's true! I speak, at last, to thee. Yes, I to thee! 'Tis bliss too great! My hopes, My wildest hopes no'er leaped to such a height My dream's no dream, and I can dis content. Because of me she quivers with the trees! For, leaf divine, you tremble with the leaves Thou tremblest, for, against thy will or not. I feel, oh! bliss! the tremor of thy hand Descending new along these flowery vines.
[He imprints a passionate hiss upon one of the

I tremble, yes; I weep, I love, I'm thine! I am enthrelled! CYBANO.

May Death then come along. Since rapture's born of me, of me alone! What more can I expect of life? CHRISTIAN (under the balcony). BILL DROWNED THE BEAR

CAPTURED ITS CUBS, BUY CAUGHT NO TROUT. The Next Day He Killed Twelve Battle

snakes, but Returned Troutless - The Third Day He Caught a Hundred Trout and Formally Declared the Season Open. "I went up into the Stony Valley country good early trout fishing I had heard so much about," said John Gilbert, the travelling greceryman, "and I was told that they always waited for Bill Dicky to start the trout season up there. Bill, they said, was the boss trout fisherman of the Stony Valley waters, and until he took to catching some everybody else stayed home. Bill hadn't brought any in yet, so it wasn't much use of my going out, they said. But Bill had gone out that day, and I would know as soon as he got in whether the season had opened yet. Bill got in along toward night, and it seemed to me that he

looked rumpled and skin broken. 'Well,' said I, 'did you get any?' "'Only three,' said he.

""Three!' said L. "That is rather a slim lot of trout for you to own up to, ain't it?" "'Yes,' said Bill, 'but them three wasn's trout. Them three was bear.'

"I wasn't expecting him to say anything about bear, and so I didn't have anything ready to say back right away, and before I could think of anything Bill had begun about the bears.

I was feelin' ugly, but for all that, I wouldn't have pitched into the bear that came along just then if the blame thing hadn't made me lose a two-pound trout, the first fish I had hooked. It was at Anvil Rock hole. The bite I got was a souzer, and the trout sprung out o' the water more than two foot when I put the hook in his iaw, and I see that he weighed two pounds. was gittin' the best of him fast when over my head, clear at the top of the ledge, more than sixty foot up, there come a crackin' like a tree fallin'. I looked up and what should I see comin' down and turnin' all sorts o' summersets but a great, big bear, and follerin' it close was the limb of a tree. The bear plunked square into the pool, but the limb lodged half way up the side of the rock. The bear not only plunked into the pool, but he knocked my pole and line galleywest and sot the big trout free.

"I was so mad that I throwed my cost and

only plunked into the pool, but he knocked my pole and line galleywest and sot the big trout free.

"I was so mad that I throwed my coat and waited for that bear to come to the top of the water, for he had gone to the bottom like a stone. It seemed to me as if it was more than two minutes 'fore the bear come up. but by and by he come, puffin' and snortin.' He looked a little dazed fer a spell, and then pulled fer land. I didn't give him the chance to get there, though. I soused in and straddled him, and ducked his head under water, He rid me round in the pool like a circus hose and tried to throw me and fit like a tizer to git a sniff or two o' wind, but I wouldn't les him, and it wasn't long before I had drowned him deader than a vickied pig's foot. I hadn't a darn thing ag'inst the bear personally, but he spiled my fishin' an' lost me a two-pounder. My fishpole was broke to flinders, too.

"I pulled the bear out o' the creek and was gittin' ready to cut him up, when I heerd a sreat scratchin' and whinn' and lookin' up where it came from I see two cubs workin' their way down the side o' the ledge to ards me and the dead bear. Then I knowed that the dead bear wasn't entitled to be called he, 'cause he was a she, and the two cubs was her roung uns. I tethered 'em up and they're down at my shanty now lively as kittens. I s'pose the old bear had clim the tree at the top o' the rocks and was out on a limb to git a better look at me when it broke, and down she come. I hope to goodness I won't be bothered with no plaguey bear to-morrow, 'cause I want this trout season to open. It's a little behindhand, as it is."

"Bill went fishing next day, and I awaited the result with some anxiety, for I wanted to go after some myself. I went over to Bill's that evening.

"Yes,' said Bill, 'not bears this time.'

"Yot bears, I hope,' said I.

"No.' said Rill. 'Rattlesnakes seemed to be havin' a gatherin' o' some kini to-day. I found one layin' by the side o' the creek, just as I got rigged up to fish. It was right in my way and I

"Well, Bill, Said A, today?"
Got an even one, said Bill.
"Well, said I, beginning to get disgusted,
"If it was one bear it was enough, if it was one
rattleenake it was too many. If it was one
trout it isn't worth speaking about, and I guess
I'll go home to-morrow,"
That one is a trout, said Bill. But that
one is one hundred. And they're purtiar that
peacocks!

"That one is a trout," said Bill. But that one is one hundred. And they're purtier than peacooks!"
"Sure enough, Bill had an even one hundred beauties. There was a two-pounder amond one and lots of one-pounders. The los weighed fifty-two pounds.
"The season's open," said Bill.
"And it was sure enough. I had a week's fishing such as I never saw the like of."

ON THE YUKON BAB,

The Big River Only Six Feet Deep at Ma Mouth When It Is High Water, From the San Francisco Call.

The latest advices received in this city from the Government survey party at the mouth of the Yukon are to the effect that failure has attended the effort to discover an entrance for deep sea vessels. It is now such entrance exists and that before the Yukon can be made navigable for ocean craft considerable drodging will have to be done on the bar

can be made navigable for ocean craft considerable drodging will have to be done on the bar which cuts Behring Sea off from the deep waters of the river.

This news will prove a great disappointment to all persons interested in the development of Alaska. For a long time past there has been a widespread belief that a so-called 'true mouth' existed through which large steamships could enter the Yukon. Once in the stream it would be an easy matter for them to ascend nearly 800 miles, regardless of the fluctuating stages of the river, which maintains an average width of ten milesto the lower ramparts and a depth varying from 40 to 150 feet. By using this water highway up to the Tanana and Nulato, supplies could be placed in the heart of Alaska almost as cheaply as though shipped to St. Michael. Such facilities would mean an enormous development of mining industries, inasmuch as many claims which are now unprofitable on account of the high prices charged for supplies could be worked to good account. Moreover, plentiful supplies in central Alaska would mean an enormous increase in the amount of prospecting done. Experience has shown that river steamboats on the Yukon are expensive and unreliable.

It was with a thorough understanding of these facts that the United States Casas and Goedelio Survey Office outfitted a party last spring to go to the mouth of the lukon and make a careful survey and ascertain whether or not the rumored deep sea entrance was a reality or a myth. Capt. Fratt had the work in charge, and since beginning nearly the entire area has been covered, but without result. A uniform bar appears to exist, crossing all of the various outlets, with about six feet of water on it at high tide. This bar is of soft muck, and varios from a quarter to a half mule in width. It is apparent that the bar originated through the long-continued deposit of river seediment. In fact, it has been found that the sea itself has been outrity filled up by the sediment for some distance out from the bar. The deepest water is to

An East Indian Cure for Sunke Bite From the America Basar Patrika of Calcutta

From the America Basar Patrika of Calculte.

Rabu Shashi Bhushun Mukerjoe writes from Gobardanga: "More than a month ago, in the village Chatra, in our neighborhood, a latinged about 11, named Hrittov Bikari. Miria, a student of the Gobardanga H. E. Scheel, was bitten by a cobra. It so happened that while he was taking a walk his foot needlontally (elipon the deadly reptile, which turned and bit him on the toe. There was consternation in the family, as the lad showed evident signs of getting worse. Fortunately the father of the lad had with him a cory of Snake, Snake Bites and Their Treatment in Bengalee. According to the method treatment prescribed in that book, we light treatment prescribed in that book, we light tures were applied for arresting the far bur progress of the poison. Includes were then made below the ligatures, resulting in blood of laky color flowing out. The inclused parts were then rubbed with salt, and then but water was poured. This process was repeated til the blood was restored to its natural color. The ligatures were then removed and the lad was brought round in a tew hours."